



The effect of malaria lasts a long time.  
You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria.  
Strengthen yourself with **Scott's Emulsion**.  
It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce J. Hal Woodford as a candidate for reelection to the Lower House of the General Assembly, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Pearce Paton as a candidate for County Clerk of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

WE MAKE A  
SPECIALTY OF  
Sharpening Saws,  
Lawn Mowers,  
Fitting Keys,  
Repairing Trunks.

Ammunition of all  
kinds always on  
hand.

\$1 Watches

WALTER DAVIS

J. H. Current & Co.  
New Fordham Bar.

The Famous Jung and Celebrated High Life Beers.

Free Lunch every day. Hot Roast, etc. The best whiskey in the world, including Vanhook, Faymans, Bond &illard, Chicken Cook "J. B. T." and the best of Old Rye Whiskies. Open day and night. We never sleep.

Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry.

"THE MIDLAND ROUTE."  
LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Lv Frankfort at 6.20 am and 2.00 pm  
Ar Geo'town. 7.12 am and 2.47 pm  
Ar at Paris at 7.50 am and 3.25 pm

Lv Paris at 8.30 am and 5.42 pm  
Ar at Geo'town. 9.04 am and 6.25 pm  
Ar at Frankfort 11.25 am and 7.20 pm

Close connection made at Paris with trains to and from Cincinnati, Maysville, Cynthiana, Winchester and Richmond.

Connections made at Georgetown with the Southern Railway.

GEO. B. HARPER,  
Pres. and Gen. Supt.  
C. W. HAY, G. P. A.

Connors Transfer Co.  
PHONE 323.

Hauling and Transfer Business  
Promptly Attended To.

Moving of Household Goods a  
Specialty.

D. D. CONNOR, - - Mgr.

V. BOGAERT, J. E. KNOCKE

VICTOR BOGAERT,

Manufacturing Jeweler and Importer

No. 135 W. Main Street,

Lexington, Kentucky.

Importing House—Brussels, Belgium.

Professional :: Cards.

WM. KENNEY, W. K. DUDLEY.

Drs. Kenney & Dudley,

Office Opp. Fordham Hotel.

OFFICE HOURS { 8 to 9:30 a. m.  
1:30 to 3 p. m.  
7 to 8 p. m.

PHONES 136.

DR. A. H. KELLER,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,

Offices in Agricultural Building

Paris, Kentucky.

J. J. WILLIAMS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 1 Elks Building.

C. J. BARNES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 8, Elks Build'g

Home Phone 72.

DR. J. T. BROWN,

Office over Oberdorfer's Drug Store.

Home Phone 258 E. Tenn.

#### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address:

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### County Court Days.

Below is a list of County Courts held each month in counties tributary to Paris:

Anderson, Lawrenceburg, 3d Monday.  
Bath, Owingsville, 2d Monday.  
Bourbon, Paris, 1st Monday.  
Boyle, Danville, 3d Monday.  
Breathitt, Jackson, 4th Monday.  
Clark, Winchester, 4th Monday.  
Estill, Irvine, 3d Monday.  
Fayette, Lexington, 2d Monday.  
Fleming, Flemingsburg, 4th Monday.  
Franklin, Frankfort, 1st Monday.  
Garrard, Lancaster, 4th Monday.  
Grant, Williamstown, 2d Monday.  
Harrison, Cynthiana, 4th Monday.  
Henry, Newcastle, 1st Monday.  
Jessamine, Nicholasville, 3d Monday.  
Lee, Beattyville, 4th Monday.  
Lincoln, Stanford, 2d Monday.  
Madison, Richmond, 1st Monday.  
Mason, Maysville, 2d Monday.  
Mercer, Harrodsburg, 1st Monday.  
Montgomery, Mt. Sterling, 3d Monday.  
Nicholas, Carlisle, 2d Monday.  
Oldham, Lagrange, 4th Monday.  
Owen, Owenton, 4th Monday.  
Pendergrew, Falmouth, 1st Monday.  
Powell, Stanton, 1st Monday.  
Pulaski, Somerset, 3d Monday.  
Scott, Georgetown, 3d Monday.  
Shelby, Shelbyville, 2d Monday.  
Wayne, Monticello, 4th Monday.  
Woodford, Versailles, 4th Monday.

When a man's moral rights go wrong he begins to talk about his legal rights.

#### Hunting For Trouble.

"I've lived in California 20 years, and am still hunting for trouble in the way of burns, sores, wounds, boils, cuts, sprains, or a case of piles that Buckner's Arnica Salve won't quickly cure," writes Charles Caters, of Alhambra, Sierra county. No use hunting Mr. Walters, it cures every case. Guaranteed at Oberdorfer's drug store. 25 cents.

A man's fool friends cause him almost as much trouble as his wise enemies.

Cures Blood, Skin Diseases, Cancer—Greatest Blood Purifier

If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot or full of humors, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching, rashes, and bumps, scabby pimply skin, bone pains, catarrh, rheumatism, or any blood or skin disease, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Soon all sores heal, aches and pains stop and the blood is made pure and rich. Druggists or by express \$1 per large bottle. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases, as it cures after all else fails. 25c per box.

Pittsburg now claims a population of 600,000, without counting a few undesirable millionaires.

Williams' Carbolic Salve With Arnica And Witch Hazel.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, bruises, Scars, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c by druggists.

WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Props.,

Cleveland, O.

The Kansas City man who drank carbolic acid, thinking it was whiskey, explains that the mistake was a natural one.

#### Kentucky Fair Dates.

The following are the dates fixed for holding the Kentucky fairs for 1907 as far as reported:

Shelbyville, August 27—Three days.

Elizabethtown, August 27—Three days.

Nicholasville, August 27—Three days.

Florence, August 28—Four days.

Springfield, August 28—Four days.

Georgetown, August 31—Three days.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 3—FIVE DAYS.

Hardinsburg, September 3—Four days.

Bardonia, September 4—Four days.

Monticello, September 10—Four days.

Hodgenville, September 10—Three days.

Glasgow, September 11—Four days.

Guthrie, September 15—Three days.

Kentucky State Fair, Louisville, September 16—Six days.

Lexington, September 23—Six days.

Falmouth, September 25—Four days.

Mayfield, October 1—Five days.

Bardwell, October 15—Two days.

## The Intruders

BY TROY ALLISON.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

The janitor's wife allowed herself to hesitate and was lost. "There's an apartment you might use for awhile, Miss Marjorie; it wouldn't cost anything, and your little mite of money would last longer."

Marjorie Kershaw's young face brightened. "Martha, you always were a dear, just like you used to be when you and Bob lived on the farm next to our place."

Martha Jordan nodded her head. "I never thought I'd live to see you without a relative, coming to work for your living in the city, Miss Marjorie," she said dolefully.

The girl's face clouded. "Poor old father! He never knew how to manage things. I believe it was the thought of leaving me unprotected for that hastened his death."

Mrs. Jordan took a latchkey from behind the clock. "Dearie, you might as well use the flat—it won't do any harm, and it will make your money hold out longer. Dr. Ingram won't know the difference."

The girl reveled in the luxury of the apartment. Accustomed to the plainness of a rambling old country house, the Turkish rugs and the artistic furnishings seemed the height of magnificence. She succeeded in securing a position to teach primary music in a private school, after much worry and many letters written by the recter of her home church. She was to board and room at the school when the term commenced, and she thought regretfully of giving up her present artistic quarters.

Mrs. Jordan received one afternoon a letter telling her when to have the rooms ready—and Marjorie Kershaw sprinkled the doctor's plants that night.

She determined to make some payment for her free lodging. So she took from the top of the bookcase the old silver tray with its tea service. She would polish the doctor's silver and leave his apartments in good condition. She probably spent too much energy on the first piece, for yawning in the coming twilight, she leaned back on the pillows of the couch, the silver spread around on the floor, and fell fast asleep.

If old Mrs. Van Lear had not chosen to get sick and to have refused to allow any one except her pet physician to look after her, John Ingram would have conformed to Mrs. Jordan's opinion, and never have known anything about it. As it was, he let himself into his apartment that night about 9.

Reaching for the electric light, he stumbled over his silver teapot, and the girl on the couch sat up suddenly, her sleepy eyes blinking from the light. She gave one gasp, then straightened herself on the couch, her feet braced firmly on the floor.

He stood still, his astonishment, aided by the silver teapot, giving him the appearance of detected guilt.

"Aren't you—ashamed of yourself?" she asked sternly.

"I don't seem able to analyze my feelings," the doctor said doubtfully.

"To think of a man breaking into a house and stealing—teapots," she said accusingly.

"I seem to have only one," he hazarded excitedly.

"It's just as bad as a dozen—it's stealing," her young voice full of righteous indignation.

The doctor gripped the teapot and stared wonderingly at her tumbled hair and flushed face. "It doesn't seem quite as bad to steal just one; you seem a little hard on a man."

"I don't just know what to do with you," he reflected. "You see, I never caught a burglar before and don't know what to do."

"Would you mind my sitting down while you think it over? Of course I don't expect you to have much sympathy for me—you have never had any temptation to take things that didn't belong to you."

Her face turned red as she remembered the money she had saved by using some one's apartment without permission.

"—but tonight I was tired and hungry."

"I might give you something to eat," she said hesitatingly, "but I'm afraid to take my finger off this bell."

"Let me fix something to eat," he suggested, with alacrity. "You sit still and watch me and ring the bell if I begin to do anything suspicious."

He went to a cabinet and found some tea, then started the alcohol lamp.

"There are some olives and sardines and a box of crackers in the chafing dish cabinet," he said while he put the kettle to boil.

"You must have ransacked the whole apartment before I awoke," she said indignantly.

"Well—er—I do seem to remember where to find things—that's my profession, you know."

"Have you put any of the doctor's things in that grip?" She pointed to the satchel he had left on the floor.

The doctor scorned to tell a lie, even when he was cornered. "Only a few of his collars and cuffs," extenuatingly.

"You see, I—rather needed some clean things."

"I should think you did." Her glance took in the coat dust sprinkled over his face, the tweed cap set rakishly on his head and the loose Norfolk jacket he had worn to travel in. "Even if you are poor, you might keep your face clean. I wouldn't have blamed you much if you had taken a cake of

the doctor's soap—he uses awfully nice soap," reminiscently.

"Would you—er—take a cup of tea, or are you above eating with a burglar?"

Her young eyes were hungry—it had been hours since Mrs. Jordan's early dinner. She hesitated, then held out her hand.

"I'll take the tea," she said finally, "and I'm going to tell you why I'm not going to turn you over to the police."

The doctor allowed just the proper amount of surprised joy to beam in his face. "You are going to let me go?" he gasped.

She nodded her head affirmatively. "Yes—because I'm a thief, too," she said almost in a whisper.

It was a real emotion that appeared on the doctor's face then. "What the devil—what do you mean?" he gasped.

"Oh—I didn't take teapots—I took—everything," miserably.

He forked a sardine out of the box and settled himself comfortably.

"Suppose you tell me about it. Maybe we could help each other out of a hole," His voice was full of kindness.

"I took the whole flat," she said forlornly, and told him how she had yielded to the temptation to save her little bit of money.

"Little woman, don't you mind. I don't believe that chump of a doctor would mind a bit if he knew. If he did, he wouldn't be much of a man in my opinion. You needn't even think of it, and you can stay here a week longer and be safely cleared out before he gets back to—the flat," he finished lamely.

"Do you think I might?" she asked eagerly.

"I know you may," with a convincing air, "and you haven't done anything wrong; you've even done the man a good turn. Haven't you kept me from stealing his silver? And you have talked to me like I was a human being. I promise you I'll never attempt to steal—another teapot as long as I live."

"If you would stop stealing and fix yourself respectably, you would look really nice—and could get a job," she encouraged.

"You don't look like a common burglar."

He took the satchel from the floor, trying to hide the fact that he was choking over the idea of not looking hopelessly degraded.

"Whenever I get respectable I shall want to thank you for what you have done for me. Won't you tell me your name?" he asked as he stood in the doorway.

"Marjorie Kershaw, and I will be glad to help you get a job," interested in his reformation.

The doctor thought of the usual jobs he met with and smiled. "Good night, Miss—, I hope I'll be a changed man when you see me again." He went out, leaving her staring blankly at the door.

Firm in her resolve to give the man a chance to reform without starting handicapped, Marjorie did not tell even Martha of her adventure. When, therefore, Mrs. Sedley, the principal of the preparatory school in which Marjorie taught that fall, called in Dr. Ingram to treat Miss Kershaw's sprained ankle she had no idea that she was furnishing the sequel to the affair.

"Miss Kershaw, I think Dr. Ingram can soon have that foot feeling more comfortable," she said as the doctor followed her into the room.

Dr. Ingram's eyes twinkled with sudden recognition. "Ah, I think Miss Kershaw and I have met before! It was at—let me see—a luncheon, was it not, Miss Kershaw?"

The riot of color in her face tickled his fancy immensely. "I rather think it was at a masquerade," she retorted, her eyes flashing.

"You were kind enough to promise me a job. I see you are a woman of your word." He wrapped the bandage skillfully, taking longer than was customary.

"I have made a bad job of this," slyly tearing the linen into a shorter length than he wanted. "Could you find a bandage somewhat longer than this, Mrs. Sedley?" he asked in an absolutely professional manner.

When she left the room the girl looked at him reproachfully. "And they were your rooms," she said shamefacedly.

"I wouldn't have missed so charming an experience for worlds," he said emphatically. "Mrs. Jordan positively refused to commit herself on the subject."

The girl gave an irrepressible giggle. "Please bring them when you come next time," she said, then suddenly grew serious. "Will I be able to skate this winter?" anxiously.

He looked at her with a solemnity befitting the last stage of a hopeless case. "It will need a great deal of attention, but I think—just think, mind you—that you might skate the first time the ice is thick enough—if you had a physician at hand to watch you and keep you from overexertion."

Her face flushed and she heard, with relief, Mrs. Sedley's returning footsteps.

"Promise that you'll go the very first freeze," he said eagerly; "promise—or I vow I'll put on something that will blister—and will put pins in the bandage—lots of 'em."

She hesitated, her eyes shy before the impulsive admiration in his gaze.

"I promise," she said softly, as Mrs. Sedley entered the room.

"The very thing, Mrs. Sedley," he exclaimed, taking the roll of linen, "we will have her as comfortable as can be. And Mrs. Sedley, I wish you would see to it that she does not allow that ankle to grow stiff when she recovers the use of it. There will soon be fine skating—I should recommend it as the exercise most suited to the ligaments involved."

"I told you I might be turned into a nice, respectable man," he whispered. "I like my new job—hm—hm—hm!"

#### STAKED HIS VIOLIN.

The Incident That Cured the Great Paganini of Gambling.

When Nicolo Paganini was only fifteen years of age, it is said, he left his father's house and plunged into a reckless life of dissipation and gambling.

At times his losses at the gaming table even compelled him to part with his violin. This occurred at Leghorn, where he was billed for a concert. A resident French merchant and amateur M. Livron, hearing of his dilemma, loaned him a Joseph Guarnerius.

When Paganini went to return it after the concert the enthusiastic Frenchman exclaimed, "Never shall my hands preface the instrument which yours have touched," and presented the violin to the virtuoso. This became Paganini's favorite violin and is the one he left to the city of Genoa, where it is exhibited in the municipal palace.

The threatened loss of this instrument cured him of gambling. According to Paganini himself, his means had been reduced at the gaming table to a few francs, and he felt that he would be obliged to accept a standing offer for his much prized Guarnerius, made to him by a prince who greatly coveted it.

As a last desperate chance of saving his precious violin he staked what little money he had left on one play and won. But the risk he had run gave him such a fright that he quit the gaming table for good and all.

#### THE GAELIC TONGUE.

Peculiarities of the Language of the Highland Scotch.

There are in Gaelic no neuter nouns. They are all either masculine or feminine. Sun, moon, star, tree, rock, stone, etc., are feminine nouns; sky, air, bird, fish, house, barn, etc., are masculine.

A hill is masculine; a mountain, feminine. The ocean is masculine; the sea is feminine. Strange to say, the word for "a female" is a masculine noun and the word for "a manservant" a feminine. But these two curious exceptions stand practically alone.

In the construction of sentences Gaelic is very different from English. People who know enough about the language to make dangerous use of it will tell you, for instance, that in Gaelic you have to talk backward.

By this is meant that you do not begin by using the same word that you would begin with in English. In Gaelic the verb comes before the noun and the noun before the adjective. Thus, if you were going to say "A wise man shuns evil companions" you would arrange your words in this order: "Shuns a man wise companions evil." This way of putting the verb at the very beginning of a sentence is really better than having it follow the noun.

Being the word of the sentence, it stands in its proper place. To the Highlander English is the language that is spoken backward.

#### Banana Leaves.

Banana leaves serve many useful purposes, for of them are made tough paper from the thinnest tissue to thickest cardboard, clothing, hats and brushes, mats and hammocks. Millions of pounds of banana fiber, misnamed manila "hemp," are each year brought to the United States or taken to Europe and spun into cordage from the fineness of silk up through the size of twine to the bigness of mammoth cables, and many dainty handkerchiefs and bits of fine lace have been woven from the fibers of banana leaves by the deft fingers of the women of South America and of the far east.

#### The Limerick Variety.

Some years ago M. Paul Villars, London correspondent of the Journal des Debats, went to Limerick on the occasion of a great Nationalist meeting.

On arriving at the hotel he asked for a room in the front of the house.

A servant took him to a small dark room looking on to an inner courtyard. M. Villars went to the window and satisfied himself that there was a mistake.

"This is not the front of the house," said he.

"Oh, yes, sir," the servant said; "it's the back of the front."

#### He Probably Spoke.

"I say, Mr. Johnston," said little Tommy, "are you fond of speaking?"

"Not very, Tommy," replied Mr. Johnston, with a smile.

"You don't speak much?"

"Well, not a great deal."

"I thought so," said little Tommy, "because I heard Sister Agnes say to mamma today that she had been waiting six months for you to speak."

#### Where the Wild Beasts Are.

A little girl at Great Totham, Essex, when asked to write about wild animals and the countries they inhabit, wrote, "Wild animals used to abound in England, but now they are only to be found in the theological gardens."

Lloyd's Weekly.

#### Very Wrong.

Teacher—If coal is \$5 per ton, how many tons could you get for \$20? Disturbing Element—Three tons. Teacher—That's wrong. Distur